

2617

SOME
ACCOUNT
OF THE
North-America INDIANS;
THEIR

Genius, Characters, Customs, and Dispositions,
towards the *French* and *English* NATIONS.

To which are added,

INDIAN MISCELLANIES,
VIZ.

1. The SPEECH of a CREEK-INDIAN
against the immoderate Use of *Spirituuous Liquors*; deli-
vered in a National Assembly of the *Creeks*, upon the
breaking out of the late WAR.
2. A LETTER from YARIZA, an *Indian*
Maid of the Royal Line of the *Mohawks*, to the prin-
cipal Ladies of *New-York*.
3. *Indian* SONGS of PEACE.
4. An *American* FABLE.

Collected by a learned and ingenious Gentleman in
the Province of *Pensylvania*.

*Viri Ninivita, & REGINA Austri, exsurgent in judicio
cum viris hujus gentis, & condemnabunt eos.*

————— *Nec longum tempus, & ingens
Exiit ad cælum, ramis felicibus, arbos,*

L O N D O N:

Printed for R. GRIFFITHS, Bookseller, at the *Dunciad*,
in *Pater-noster Row*. [Price One Shilling.]

1754 See end. add.

А С С О У И Т

OF THE

North-Western INDIA:

R I S E T

Genius, Character, Customs, and Disposition,
towards the French and English Nations.

To which are added,

INDIAN MISCELLANIES

517



originals of New York.

3. Indian Songs of Peace.

4. An American FABLE.

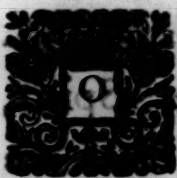
Collected by a learned and ingenious Gentleman in
the Province of Pennsylvania.

1. The first part of the book is a history of the city of London, from its foundation to the present time. It is written in a clear and concise style, and is well illustrated with numerous woodcuts. The second part of the book is a history of the city of London, from its foundation to the present time. It is written in a clear and concise style, and is well illustrated with numerous woodcuts.

L. O. N. D. O. N.

Printed for R. GRANTING, Bookbinder, at the "Black
in the City of London." [Price One Shilling.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

F the following Pieces, it may be proper to observe, that the *Indian Speech* was done into *English*, with the Assistance of a Person of some Learning, that was accustomed to Composition.

Yariza's Letter, together with the Songs and Fable, are the Work of another Hand, said to be a plain Countryman, in the Colony of *New York*, that has maintained a long Commerce with the *Indians*, and

iv *ADVERTISEMENT.*

understands their Language. In an Advertisement prefixed to them, he tells us, that he does not pretend to give any Thing more than a faithful unornamented Translation of them, as being sensible that none but those who are Critics in our Language, and have a natural Genius for Composition and Works of Imitation, can preserve the Spirit, Imagery, and fine Poetry that are obvious in the Originals.

The Pieces are taken (with no Alteration but the polishing some of the Verses) from Copies printed at *New York*, which being a Place of the greatest Commerce with the *Indian* Nations, we cannot doubt of their Authenticity.



INTRODUCTION;

By the TRANSLATOR.

 F all the Vices which prevail in the World, none more degrades human Nature, and dishonours the glorious Image of the Deity, than immoderate *Drinking*; and there is none against which more has been said, both from the Press and Pulpit: Yet still this Vice rears its shameless Front, and reels from Street to

vi INTRODUCTION.

Street in broad Day. Hence it was thought that the following Translation of the *Speech* of a *Creek-Indian* on this Subject, might, at least, be acceptable to the Curious; and should it have no good Effect, it will be but one Patriot-remonstrance more thrown away.

Charity bids us suppose, that our Laws, our Religion, and civil Accomplishments, elevate the People of this Country, far above the Enormities that gave rise to this Oration among a People we esteem *Barbarians*; yet so frail is the Texture both of public and private Virtue, and so mutable the State of human Affairs, that tho' we could think such a Remonstrance unnecessary at present, it may be preserved as a Beacon
in

INTRODUCTION. vii

in Time to come. The Wise and Good it cannot displease; and if there is one that wears the human Form in these Christian Realms, a Slave to this enormous Vice, let him be roused when he hears the Sentiments of a Heathen, and, trembling, reflect upon the Condemnation in the Motto inserted in the foregoing Title Page.

The *Creek-Indians* are settled between the Rivers *Halbana* and *Locusthatche*, about 5 or 600 Miles Westward from *Charlestown* in *South-Carolina*. They are found to be a brave, polished, and wise People. Upon the Breaking out of the late War, the *English*, *French*, and *Spaniards* made Application to them for their Alliance. They were then

viii INTRODUCTION.

at War with some other *Indians*; and finding themselves in a very critical Situation, a national Council was assembled, in which the following Harangue was delivered.

If we are not mistaken, it will be found, on a critical Examination, to contain all the Parts or Members of the most perfect Oration. It is impossible to do it Justice by a literal Translation into our Language, which is very different from the *Indian Phraseology*. The *Indian* Orators have a certain Loftiness of Expression, Boldness of Figures, and Pomp of Imagery, which we want Abilities to naturalize. We have not, however, been wanting in our Endeavours to support the Spirit of the Original; and we hope the Matter, rather than the Form, will employ the Attention of the candid Reader.

A



A
S P E E C H,
BY A
C R E E K - I N D I A N,
ON THE
Breaking out of the late W A R.

Fathers, Brethren and Countrymen,

IN this solemn and important Council, rising up before the Wisdom and Experience of so many venerable *Sachems*, and having the Eyes of so many heroic Chieftains upon me, I feel myself struck with that awful Diffidence,
which

which I believe would be felt by any one of my Years, who had not relinquished all the Modesty of his Nature.

Nothing, O ye *Creeks!* could enable me to bear the fixed Attention of this illustrious Assembly, or give to my Youth the Power of an unembarrassed Utterance, but the animating Conviction that there is not one Heart among us, that does not glow for the Dignity, the Glory, the Happiness of his Country. And in those Principles, how inferior soever my Abilities may otherwise be, I cannot, without violating my own Consciousness, yield to any one the Superiority.

Fathers, Friends and Countrymen,

We are met to deliberate — upon what? Upon no less a Subject, *Than whether we shall, or shall not, be a People?* On the one Hand, we are at War with a Nation of our own Colour, brave, active, and sagacious. They bear us unquenchable Hatred, and threaten us with all that *Prudence* ought to fear, and *Valour* be excited to repel. — On the other Hand, we are surrounded and courted by three powerful Nations, of Colour, Laws, and Manners, different
from

from our own. . . . Court'd, I say; for though each is Rival to the other, yet it is to be feared none of them mean our Prosperity.

I do not stand up, O *Countrymen!* to propose the Plans of War, or to direct the sage Experience of this Assembly in the Regulation of our Alliances: Your Wisdom renders this unnecessary from me.

My Intention is to open to your View a Subject not less worthy your deliberate Notice; and though equally glaring, though equally involving your Existence and Happiness, yet, from the bewitching Tyranny of Custom, and the Delusion of Self-love, if it has not escaped general Observation, it has eluded public Censure, and been screened from the Animadversions of our national Council.

I perceive the Eye of this *august Assembly* dwells upon me. Oh! may every Heart be unveiled from its Prejudices, and receive, with Patriot-candour, the disinterested, the pious, the filial Obedience I owe to my Country, when I step forth to be the Accuser of my Brethren, — not of Treachery, not of Cowardice, not of
De-

Deficiency in the noblest of all Passions, the *Love of the Public*. These, I glory in boasting, are incompatible with the Character of a *Creek* !

The Traitor, or rather the Tyrant, I arraign before you, O *Creeks* ! is no Native of our Soil ; but rather a *lurking Miscreant*, an *Emissary* of the evil *Principle* of Darkness. 'Tis that pernicious Liquid, which our pretended *white Friends* artfully introduced, and so plentifully pour in among us.

Ob Countrymen !

I will spare myself the ungrateful Task of repeating, and you the Pain of recollecting, those shameful Broils, those unmanly Riots, and those brutal Extravagances, which the unbounded Use of this Liquor has so frequently produced among us. I must, however, beg Leave to assert, and submit to your Impartiality my Arguments to support this Assertion, that our prevailing Love, our intemperate Use, of this Liquid, will be productive of Consequences the most destructive to the Welfare and Glory of the Public, and the Felicity of every individual Offender. It perverts the
Ends

Ends of Society, and unfits us for all those distinguishing and exquisite *Feelings*, which are the Cordials of Life, and the noblest Privileges of *Humanity*.

I have already declined the Mortification which a Detail of Facts would raise in every Breast, when unpossessed by this *Demon*. Permit me then, in general, only to appeal to public Experience, for the many Violations of civil Order, the indecent, the irrational Perversions of Character, which these inflammatory Draughts have introduced amongst us. 'Tis true, these are past, and may they never be repeated.—But tremble, O ye *Creeks*! when I thunder in your Ears this *Denunciation*; that if the Cup of Perdition continues to rule among us with Sway so intemperate, *Ye will cease to be a Nation*! Ye will have neither *Heads* to direct, nor *Hands* to protect you.—

While this diabolical Juice undermines all the Powers of your Bodies and Minds, with in-offensive Zeal the *Warrior's* enfeebled Arm will draw the Bow, or launch the Spear in the Day of Battle. In the Day of Council, when national Safety stands suspended on the Lips of the hoary
Sachem,

Sachem, he will shake his Head with uncollected Spirits, and drivel the Babblings of a second Childhood.

Think not, O ye *Creeks*! that I presume to amuse or affright you with an imaginary Picture. Is it not evident, — (alas, it is too fatally so!) that we find the Vigour of our Youth abating; our Numbers decreasing; our ripened Manhood a premature Victim to Disease, to Sickness, to Death; and our venerable *Sachems* a solitary scanty Number?

I Does not that Desertion of all our reasonable Powers, which we feel when under the Dominion of that deformed Monster, that barbarian Madness, wherewith this Liquid inspires us, prove beyond Doubt that it impairs all our intellectual Faculties, pulls down Reason from her Throne, dissipates every Ray of the *Divinity* within us, and sinks us below the Brutes?

I hope I need not make it a Question to any in this *Assembly*, whether he would prefer the intemperate Use of this Liquor, to clear *Perceptions*, sound *Judgment*, and a *Mind* exulting in its own *Reflections*. However great may be the
Force

Force of Habit, how insinuating soever the Influence of Example, and howsoever unequal we may sometimes find ourselves to this insidious Enemy; I persuade myself, and I perceive by your Countenances, O *Creeks!* there is none before whom I stand, so shameless, so lost to the weakest Impulses of Humanity, and the very Whisperings of Reason, as not to acknowledge the Baseness of such a Choice.

Fathers and Brethren,

I must yet crave your Patience, while I suggest to you, that this Intoxication of ourselves disqualifies us from acting up to our proper Characters in social Life, and debars us from all the soothing, softening, endearing Joys of domestic Bliss.

There is not within the whole Compass of Nature, so prevailing, so lasting a Propensity, as that of associating and communicating our Sentiments to each other. And there is not a more incontestable Truth than this, that *Benignity of Heart*, the calm Possession of ourselves, and the undisturbed Exercise of our *thinking* Faculties, are absolutely necessary to constitute the eligible

eligible and worthy Companion. How opposite to these Characters Intoxication renders us, is so manifest to our own Experience, so obvious to the least Reflection, that it would be both Impertinence and Insolence to enlarge farther upon it, before the Candour and *Wisdom* of this *Assembly*.

And now, O ye *Creeks*! if the Cries of your Country, if the Pulse of Glory, if all that forms the *Hero*, and exalts the *Man*, has not swelled your Breasts with a Patriot Indignation against the immoderate Use of this Liquor;—if these Motives are insufficient to produce such Resolutions as may be effectual—there are yet other Ties of Humanity, tender, dear, and persuading. Think on what we owe to our Children, and to the gentler Sex.

With Regard to our Children, besides affecting their Health, enervating all their Powers, and endangering the very Existence of our Nation, by the unbounded Use of these pernicious Draughts, think how it must affect their Tenderness, to see the Man that gave them Being, thus sunk into the most brutal State, in Danger of being suffocated by his own Intemperance, and standing in Need of their infant Arm to support

port his staggering Steps, or raise his feeble Head, while he vomits forth the foul Debauch?

O Warriors! O Countrymen!

How despicable must such a Practice render us even in the Eyes of our own Children! Will it not gradually deprive us of all Authority in the Families which we ought to govern and protect? What a Waste of Time does it create, which might otherwise be spent round the blazing Hearth, in the most tender Offices? It perverts the great Designs of Nature, and murders all those precious Moments, in which the Warrior should recount, to his wondering Offspring, his own great Actions and those of his Ancestors. By these Means the tender Bosom has often caught the Patriot-flame, and an illustrious Succession of *Sachems* and Warriors were formed among us from Generation to Generation, before our Glory was eclipsed by the Introduction of this destructive Liquid.

O Creeks!

You all remember the great *Garangula*, who is now gone to our Fathers, and from whose Loins I immediately sprang. You know how often he has led forth our Warriors to Con-

quest, while his Name sounded like Thunder, and flashed Terror upon our Foes. You will then pardon the necessary Vanity, if I presume to remind you how piously he adhered to our original Simplicity of Life. Oft has he said, that if he did not fly from this Cup of Perdition, his Name would never be sounded from Hill to Hill by the Tongue of Posterity; and I can affirm that, if he had wasted his Time in such Practices, my Bosom would never have been fired to Glory by the oft-repeated Story of our Family-Virtues and Achievements; nor should I have dared, on this Occasion, fondly to emulate them, by raising my unpractised Voice, in the Cause of my Country, before such a venerable Assembly of Chiefs and Warriors.

But farther, besides what we owe to our Children, let us think on that delicate Regulation of Conduct, that Soul-enobling *Love*, which it is at once the Happiness and Honour of *Manhood* to manifest towards the gentler Sex. By the *Love* of this Sex I do not mean meer Desire of them. Those amiable Creatures are designed not only to gratify our Passions, but to excite and fix all the kind and sociable Affections. They were not meant to be the Slaves of our

arbitrary Wills in our brutal Moments, but the sweet Companions of our most reasonable Hours, and exalted Enjoyments. Heaven has endowed them with that peculiar Warmth of Affection, that disinterested Friendship of Heart, that melting Sympathy of Soul, that entertaining Sprightliness of Imagination, joined with all the sentimental Abilities of Mind, that tend to humanize the rough Nature, open the reserved Heart, and polish the rugged Temper, which would otherwise make Men the Dread and Abhorrence of each other.

Thus were Women formed to allay the Fatigues of Life, and reward the Dangers we encounter for them. These are their Endowments; these their Charms. Hither, Nature, Reason, Virtue call—And shall they call in vain? Shall an unnatural, an unreasonable, a vicious Perversity of Taste be preferred to those heaven-born Joys of Life? Will you treat the *Sovereign Principle of Good* with a thankless Insensibility, and offer Libations to the Spirit of all Evil? Will any *Creek* henceforth dare to approach those lovely Creatures with unhallowed Lips, breathing the noisome Smell of this diabolical Juice, or roll into their downy Embrace in a State inferior to the Brutes, losing all *that rap-*

turous Intercourse of Love and Friendship, all those most exalted of human Pleasures, which they, they only are formed capable of communicating to us?

Oh no!—*Fathers, Warriors and Countrymen!*

Let me conjure you by all these softer Ties, and inexpressible Endearments;—let me conjure you too, as you yet hope to behold the TREE of PEACE raise its far-seen Top to the Sun, and spread its odorous Branches, watered by the Dew of Heaven, over all your Abodes, while you rejoice unmolested under its Shade; and as you yet wish to behold the Nations round about you, bound with the sacred CHAIN of CONCORD, every Hand maintaining a Link:—By all these Ties, by all these Hopes, I conjure you, O *Creeks!* hence-forward let the Cup of Moderation be the Crown of your Festivities. Save your Country; maintain and elevate her Glory. Transmit to your Posterity *Health, Freedom, and Honour.* Break not the great Chain of Nature; but let an honest, rational, and delicate Intercourse of the Sexes be the Plan of Social Joy. Let each domestic Bliss wreath the Garland of connubial Life. Let Truth and Friendship
sanctify

sanctify the Lover's Wish, and secure to the brave, the wise, and the temperate Man, a Felicity worthy his Choice, and worthy his Protection.——

But, perhaps, my unpractised Youth has gone too far. If so, O *Fathers* and *Brethren*, impute it to an honest Zeal and Love, for the Commonweal and Honour of the illustrious and ancient Nation of *Creeks*.

Onugbkallydawwy Garangula Copac.



hanging the Lover's Whip, and looking to the
 ground, the wife, and the companion, and the
 young woman on horse, and woman on horse,
 looking to the ground.

But perhaps my description of the scene is not
 so good as I could have made it, for I have not
 seen the scene, and I have not seen the scene,
 and I have not seen the scene.





P R E F A C E

T O

Yariza's L E T T E R

A N D T H E

S O N G S.



I N the foregoing Speech we had a Specimen of the *Indian Oratory*; and, by the following Letter and Songs, notwithstanding the Disadvantages of their present Dress, we may form some Idea of their Genius for other Sorts of Composition.

But in order to understand the Pieces aright, as well as to illustrate some Expressions in what has gone before, it may be necessary to premise some Characteristics of the *Indians*, with Regard to their Conduct both in Time of Peace and War.

It is a very great Mistake to think those People (commonly called the five Nations) are Barbarians, always thirsting after human Blood. Very different is their Character. They are the greatest *Peace-lovers*, at the same Time that they are, perhaps, the fiercest and boldest *Warriors*, on the Face of the Earth. Their Bravery in the Day of Battle, and their Constancy in enduring Hardships, have never been excelled by the most renowned *Romans*; nor, in Time of Peace, have the most generous *Britons* ever outshone them, in Acts of Humanity, Hospitality, Justice, and Sincerity.

Numerous are the Proofs which might be brought in Support of this Character of them. Whenever their Country and Liberty lie at Stake, this heroic Ardour and Contempt of Death, just mentioned, has often been carried so far, that they have been known to continue singing their
Ex-

Exploits, and triumphing in their glorious Fate, even in the Midst of Torments and the agonizing Throws of Death. On the other Hand, whenever their Country and Liberty are out of Danger, their passionate Desire of *Peace* as far exceeds vulgar Bounds, as their Ardour in War. They esteem *Peace* the greatest Blessing under Heaven; and it is no Wonder their young Men and Maids, of fine natural Parts, with their Bards, or Druids, should frame SONGS OF *PEACE*, when their venerable *Sachems* mention it with such Complacency and triumphant Rapture, that their Speech seems a poetical Language, or rather a Sort of Divine Enthusiasm.

PEACE they always express by the Emblem of a fair Tree, whose Top reaches to the Sun, and whose Roots are extended through all the Nations that are leagued in the same Chain with themselves. Such Nations they represent as reposing unmolested under the sacred Shade of this Tree, cheer'd with the ambrosial Dews of Happiness, dropping from its ever-verdant Leaves.

Upon the whole, then, this is the general Character of these reputed Barbarians, that they will cheerfully forego the Allurements of *Ease*,
and,

and, undaunted, confront the blackest Horrors of War, whenever Liberty and their Country point the Way ; and, when these are no more at Stake, they will as cheerfully relinquish the Charms of *Conquest*, and fly to feast upon the private social Joys, under the Shade of their loved Tree of Peace : And herein, perhaps, they may be thought worthy the Imitation of politer Nations. They think their whole Happiness and Reputation, as a People, depends upon supporting this Character ; and their whole Polity and public Ceremonies, both at making War and Peace, are calculated to support it.

The Night before they go forth to War, it is their Custom to assemble ; and, having their Faces painted in the most frightful Manner, as they always have in the Day of Battle, every Warrior, rising up in his Turn, sings the great Exploits of his Ancestors, together with his own. This is accompanied with violent Gesticulations, worked up to such a Pitch, as would make any Spectator, that is unacquainted with their Customs, uneasy. This is what is called the *War-dance* ; and, by these Gesticulations, they represent the Manner in which those great Actions were performed, which are the Subject of their Song.

In

In the mean while, all present join, from Time to Time, in the Chorus, and applaud every notable Act. Perhaps, as Mr. *Colden*, their History-writer, judiciously observes, rude Solemnities of this Kind might have given the first Rise to *Tragedy*.

But further, to avoid Digressions, it is also their Custom to represent their chief Actions on Trees, near their great Castles, which, together with these War-songs, transmits the History of their illustrious Atchievements from Generation to Generation. All this, joined to that solemn Reception and those Acclamations of Applause (not inferior to the Honours of a *Roman* Triumph) which they have on their Return from War, serve to keep alive that Love of Liberty, and Spirit of Heroism, which constitute their peculiar Character. They are at as much Pains, on the other Hand, to propagate the Love of honourable Peace, as to keep alive a noble Ardour in honourable War. They promulgate Peace with the greatest Solemnities, particularly the burying of the *Hatchet*, or *Axe* of War; the planting of the *Tree* of *Peace*, together with dancing and singing of *Peace-songs*. Upon a late Occasion of this Kind, the following Songs were

were composed ; and, for the Illustration of them, as well as to make the Reader better acquainted with their Customs, and give him the most convincing Proofs of the *Indian* Genius, Sprightliness of Imagination, and many other shining Qualities, we shall subjoin some Extracts from their Speeches.

CADIANNE, A Mohawk *Indian*, in a Speech to the Governor of *Virginia*, whom the five Nations always call *Assarigoa*, speaks thus ;—

“ The Covenant-chain had very near slipt, by
 “ your not holding it fast. Hold it fast now,
 “ and let the Ax, with all past Evils, be buried in the Pit. Let the Earth be trod hard
 “ over them ; or, rather, let a strong *Stream*
 “ run under the Pit, to wash the Evils away
 “ from Sight and Remembrance, that they
 “ may never be digged up again.

“ ASSARIGOA ! You are a Man of Knowledge and Understanding, thus to keep the
 “ Covenant-chain bright as Silver, and now
 “ again to renew it, and make it stronger.—Let
 “ it be kept clean and bright, and held fast on
 “ all

“ all Sides. Let none pull his Arm from it ;
 “ but may the Sun continually shine in Peace
 “ over all our Heads that are comprehended
 “ in it. We give two * Belts, one for the
 “ Sun, the other for his Beams. The Fire of
 “ the Love of *Virginia* and *Maryland* burns
 “ in this Place as well as ours, and this House
 “ of Peace must be kept clean.

“ Those our Brother *Indian* Nations are
 “ Chain-breakers ; but I lay down these (two
 “ Beavers and a Racoon) as a Token that we
 “ *Mobawks* have preserved the Chain entire on
 “ our Parts.—

“ We desire this Country may be a Branch
 “ of the great *Tree* that grows here, the Top
 “ whereof reaches the Sun, and its Branches
 “ shelter us from the *French* and all other
 “ Nations.—Our Fire burns in your Houses,
 “ and your Fire in ours. We desire it may be
 “ always so.—

“ We now plant a Tree, whose Top will
 “ reach the Sun, and its Branches spread wide

* It is the Custom of the *Indians*, at every Proposition or
 Promise, to give some *Present*, as a Pledge of their Sin-
 cerity.

“ abroad,

“ abroad, so that it shall be seen afar off;
 “ and we shall shelter ourselves under it, and
 “ live in Peace without Molestation.—”

And again, in another Speech, they say;
 “ We shall dance to the * Calumet of Peace
 “ under its Leaves.— We shall remain quiet
 “ on our Matts. We assure you we shall ne-
 “ ver dig up the Hatchet, till your Brethren
 “ shall, either jointly or separately, endeavour to
 “ attack the Country which the great Spirit
 “ gave to our Ancestors.

“ We make fast the Roots of the Tree of
 “ Peace and Tranquility, which is planted in
 “ this Place. Its Roots extend as far as the

* The Calumet, says their History-writer, is a large Tobacco-pipe, of very nice Workmanship, made of Marble, commonly of dark Red, well polished, shaped in the form of a Hatchet, and adorned with Feathers of various Colours. It is used in all the *Indian* Treaties with Strangers, and as a Flag of Truce between contending Parties, which all *Indians* think it a very great Crime to violate. As these Pipes were in use long before the *Indians* knew us, or had the Use of Iron, we are at a Loss to conceive by what means they perforated and shaped them so finely.

Smoaking, the Calumet of Peace with any one, is the greatest Sign of Love and Friendship, and is often practised by their great Men at the Conclusion of a Treaty, as we would drink a Glass together, as a Pledge of mutual Forgiveness.

“ utmost

"utmost of your Colonies ; and, if the *French*
 "should come to shake this Tree, we should
 "feel it by the Motion of its Roots, which
 "extend into our Country and thro' yours :
 "But we trust it will not be in their Power to
 "shake a Tree, so long and so firmly planted
 "among us.

"Before the Christians arrived, our general
 "Council was held at *Onandago*, where, from
 "the Beginning, a continual Fire was kept
 "burning, which is made of two great Logs,
 "whose Flame is never extinguished. But
 "when these * Hatchet-makers arrived, this
 "general Council of *Onandago* planted a Tree of
 "Peace at *Albany*, whose Roots and Branches
 "have since spread from North to South ;
 "and, under its Shade, all the *English* Colonies
 "have often found Shelter."—

This much with regard to the Tree of Peace.
 We shall only add a Quotation or two more
 from their Speeches, as the most undeniable
 Proof of the *Indian* Humanity, Integrity and
 Fidelity towards their Allies.

* Hatchet-makers is their general Name for Christians.

In the Beginning of the Year 1690, a Body of *French Indians*, sent out by the *Count de Frontenac*, and led on by *Monsieur de Herville*, surprized the Village of *Schenectady*, on the Frontiers of *New York*, and massacred all the White Inhabitants, unless a very few that escaped naked into the Woods. The ever faithful *Mohawks*, as soon as they received the News of this barbarous Enterprize, sent out a Hundred of their briskest young Men, who pursued the *French*, fell upon their Rear, killed a great many of them and took several Prisoners. In the mean Time, the old Men, or *Sachems*, hastened to *Albany* to condole with the *English* on this melancholy Occasion. Part of their Speech was as follows.

Brethren,

“ We came from our Castles with Tears
 “ in our Eyes, to bemoan the Bloodshed
 “ at *Schenectady*. The *French*, on this Occa-
 “ sion, have not acted like brave Men, but
 “ like Thieves and Robbers. What they
 “ have done cannot be called a Victory, but
 “ only a farther Proof that Perfidy is in their
 “ Hearts. Be not therefore discouraged. We
 “ give you this Belt to wipe away your Tears.—

“ *Brethren,*

“ Brethren,

“ While we bury our Dead, basely murdered in cold Blood at *Schenectady*, we
 “ know not what may have befallen our own
 “ People who are gone in pursuit of the Enemy : The same Thing that has happened to
 “ you, may, perhaps, have happened to us ;
 “ and alas ! they may be dead also ! —

“ Great and sudden is the Mischief that has
 “ fallen upon you, as if it had fallen from
 “ Heaven upon ourselves. Our Forefathers
 “ taught us to go, with all Speed, to lament
 “ with our Brethren, when any Disaster or Misfortune happens to any of those who are
 “ leagued in the same Chain with us. Take
 “ this Bill of Vigilance, Brethren, from us, that
 “ you may be more on your Guard for the
 “ future. We also give you *Eye-water*, that
 “ you may be more sharp-sighted.

“ We are now come to the House where we
 “ were wont to renew the Covenant-chain ;
 “ but, alas ! we find it polluted — polluted
 “ with Blood. All the five Nations have heard
 “ of the horrid Deed, and we come to wipe
 “ away the Blood, and make clean the House.
 “ So long as a Man of us remains, we will

C

“ not

“ not desist till we have drank deep of Re-
 “ venge.— We are of the Race of the Bear ;
 “ and a Bear, you know, never yields while
 “ one Drop of Blood is left.

“ Take Heart, then, Brethren. This is an
 “ Affliction which has fallen from Heaven,
 “ and we must bear it in common. The Sun
 “ has been cloudy, and, with malign Aspect,
 “ has shed this Disaster upon our Heads ; but
 “ he will again shine forth with pleasing
 “ Beams.— Courage, then, lest we give heart
 “ to a dastardly Enemy : Courage, Brethren,
 “ Courage! Courage! —

Again, when a Peace had been proposed to
 them, without including their Allies the *English*,
 one of the *Sachems* rejects the Proposal with the
 utmost Indignation, and speaks in the following
 animated Strain, that might become the
 Mouth of a *Cato*.

“ Harken, * *Onondio*! what I am now about
 “ to speak, is by Inspiration from the mighty
 “ *Spirit* of the *Universe*! You say you will
 “ have nothing to do with our Brethren of

* The Governor of *Canada*.

“ * *Cayen-*

“ * *Cayenguirago* ; — but I must tell you that
 “ we are alike inseparable in Hearts, as in In-
 “ terests. We can never know Peace with you,
 “ while you are at War with them. We will
 “ stand or fall together, as if informed with
 “ one Soul, animated with one Blood, and di-
 “ rected by one Head, as well as linked in
 “ one Chain. This I solemnly confirm by giv-
 “ ing this Belt, eleven Rows deep.”

Nor is their Sagacity and artful Address less
 remarkable, than their Bravery, Fidelity and
 Friendship. This will appear from their Trea-
 ties, and all their Dealings with us, and parti-
 cularly from the following Paragraphs of ano-
 ther Speech.

“ We received some Goods in considera-
 “ tion of our Release of the Lands on the West
 “ Side of *Sasquehannah*. It is true, we have the
 “ full Quantity according to Agreement ; but if
 “ the Goods were only to be divided among
 “ us present, a single Person would have but a
 “ small Portion ; and then, if you consider
 “ what Numbers of us are left at Home,

* So they call the *English* Governor, and the People
 they commonly call by his Name.

“equally entitled to a Share, there will be extremely little indeed. We therefore desire, if you have the Keys of our Brother * *ONAS*’s Chest, you will open it, and take out a little more for us. —

“We know our Lands are always becoming more valuable†. The white People think we do not know this; but we are very sensible that the Land is everlasting, like the Heavens, while the few Goods we receive in Exchange are perishable, and soon gone.” —

Their Humanity and Hospitality are as remarkable as their other Virtues. It is known, by long Experience, that, when once they have secured their Prisoners, they never use them ill; and, in Times of greatest Want, they will rather suffer themselves, their Wives and Children, to starve, than see their Prisoners destitute of their Allowance. Nor is there one

* The Name they give to the Governor of *Pennsylvania*.

† The Speaker here seems on purpose to have forgot, that the Reason why these Lands become more valuable, is the Improvements made by the Whites; and that, if we had never settled there, these Lands would have continued of as little Value as at first.

Instance known, of their having ever offered the least Violence to any Female Captive.

Strangers, that take Sanctuary among them, of whatever Nation or Colour, they protect with the most scrupulous Sanctity of Honour. Sooner than deliver up any Refugee, or violate what they think the Laws of Hospitality, they will pay his Debts for him, or give the Value of him in Skins to his Master. Nor do they rest here, or think they have done enough for the Happiness of the Person that thus throws himself upon their Protection, till they have given him Lands for a Maintenance, and naturalized him among their Nations. What is there, in the primitive Ages of Virtue and Simplicity, more worthy of Admiration, than these well attested Facts!

When any Body of People from other Nations comes among them, they offer them Settlements, and incorporate them with themselves; by which means they strengthen their little States, and give Specimens of the best Policy.

With regard to some Vices and savage Customs that prevail among them, we ought not to be surprized at them, when we put their many shining

Virtues in the Ballance, and reflect upon the Force of Custom and Education, which, in the politest Nations, has frequently softened and familiarized the most barbarous Actions; such as burning Children alive in Sacrifice, and persecuting one another to Death, for God's Sake.

Whatever Vices they have, it may be justly said, that we have taught them one, more pernicious than them all, to the Interests of Humanity and social Happiness, namely, the immoderate Use of strong Liquors. Against this we have just heard the Declamation of one of their wiser and soberer young Men; and that none may doubt of the Authenticity of this Declamation, or think the Sentiments in it any other than such as are entertained by their wiser *Sachems*, we shall add one Quotation more, from a Speech made, * a few Months ago, at *Carlisle* in *Pensylvania*, by a *Twightwee* Chief.

“ *Brother O N A S,*

“ Your Traders now bring scarce any Thing
 “ but *Rum* and Flour. They bring little Pow-
 “ der and Lead, or other Goods. The *Rum*
 “ ruins us. We beg you would prevent its

* On the 3d of *October*, 1753, at a Treaty between the *Ohio-Indians*, and the Commissioners of *Pensylvania*.

“ coming

“ coming in such Quantities, by regulating the
 “ Traders. We never understood the Trade
 “ was to be for Whisky and Flour. We de-
 “ sire it may be forbid, and none sold in the
 “ *Indian* Country ; but that, if the *Indians*
 “ will have any, they may go among the Inha-
 “ bitants, and deal with them for it. When
 “ these Whisky-traders come, they bring
 “ thirty or forty Kegs, and put them down
 “ before us, and make us drink, and get all
 “ the Skins, that should go to pay the Debts
 “ we have contracted for Goods bought of the
 “ fair Traders. By this means, we not only
 “ ruin ourselves but them too. These wicked
 “ Whisky-sellers, when they have once got the
 “ *Indians* in Liquor, make them sell their very
 “ Cloaths from their Backs.— In short, if this
 “ Practice is continued, we must be inevitably
 “ ruined. We, therefore, most earnestly be-
 “ seech you to remedy it ;” *giving a treble*
 “ *String.*

These Strictures of the *Indian* Phraseology,
 Sentiments and Genius, may teach us to have
 more favourable Notions of them, and consider
 them as a People who scarce deserve the Name
 of Barbarians, but whose Friendship might add

Honour to the *British* Nation, if we were more careful to retain them in our Interest, and cultivate their fine natural Parts.

That there should be so many Orators among them, is by no means strange. Speech-making is the certain Effect of a Republican Government. These *Indians* have such high Notions of Liberty, that there is not one Slave among them, nor can any one claim the least Preheminence, but what his Age and Wisdom give him among his Fellow-citizens. The only Way to shew this Wisdom is by shining in Councils, and public Assemblies.

They shew a very great Vivacity and Sprightliness of Imagination in their haranguing. Their Action seems to us something vehement, but we can see that it corresponds exactly to the several Passions. Tho' their Language has but few Roots, yet they render it copious, and extremely fit for Oratory, by varying, compounding and decompounding their Words, and by having constant Recourse to Metaphors, &c. after the Eastern Manner. By the frequent

frequent Use of Guturrals, their Language is also very sonorous and masculine. Nevertheless, they are extremely nice in their Turns of Expression, and few, even of their best Orators, are so far Masters of their Language, as never to offend the Ears of an *Indian* Audience. Such a fine Ear the People of *Athens* once had, when *Demosthenes* and *Æschines* melted them with rival Periods.

To conclude then: Is it not worthy of us *Britons*, and worthy of Christians, to take every Method in our Power, still further to civilize these our Pagan Friends and Neighbours, whose original Habitations we possess;—to adorn and dignify the Natures of those, whose elevated Sentiments and untaught Eloquence we admire;—to rescue their Souls from Death, and propagate *saving* Knowledge among them;—and, above all, to keep back the Cup of Perdition from them, that poisonous Liquor, which must otherwise, by Piece-meal, extirpate such a valuable Part of our Species? Surely, it is glorious for us to vie with those illustrious Heroes of Antiquity, that purchased immortal Renown, by rescuing Nations from Barbarity, and propagating Knowledge and useful Arts among them.

them. It appears from what we have seen of these *Indians*, that none ever had a nobler Subject to work upon, or nobler Motives than are offered to us, in the Cultivation of those *Indian Nations*.



A L E T.



A
LETTER
TO THE
Principal LADIES of *New York.*

BY
YARIZA, an *Indian* Maid of the Royal
Line of the *Mobawks.*

Fair and lovely Sisters,

PARDON *Yariza*, while, presuming to
address you, she speaks not only for her-
self, but for many Thousands of young *Indian*
Maids, now set in bright Circle round her, who
desire to offer their Services to you, and congra-
tulate you on planting the TREE of PEACE.

May you walk delightfully under its Shade;
for, surely, *Corlaer* has set up one among you
also, as our *Sachems* have done here.

May

May it spread its Branches over all your Abodes, and over the whole Country; and may no wild Beast of War come forth from the Forest to root it up. May the Island of *Man-batan*, with the neighbouring Isles, and the large Land, all become as one Garden of Peace and Pleasure. May your Children grow up round you, like fair Plants that are cherished by the benign Heat of the bright Luminary, and nursed by the refreshing Dews of Heaven.

May each of you have, in your Habitations, a fair Shrub, or little Tree, as a *Family Tree of Peace*, to bless your Dwellings. May the Exhalations from it be as the sweet Odours of Incense to gladden your Apartments, or as the Leaves of the sweetest Trees in the Forest, when the vernal Morn lifts her glistering Forehead from the great Lake, and darts the Splendors of her Eyes aslant the dewy Earth. Let no rude Sounds of Discord or Disquiet be as a blighting Wind to wither the Leaves of this Family-Tree; no Distress or Distrust, like a thick Fog, cast an unkindly Mildew to taint them; but may the Husband's Eyes, like the Sun-beams, cheer its Roots, and the Woman's Voice, as a gentle Breeze, fan its Branches, and expand its swelling

swelling Buds. Let her draw deep into her Breast the Balsam of its Effluence, and her Lips breathe forth and improve the Fragrance. Thus, with purest Flame, the *Fire of Concord* shall glow unextinguished upon your Hearths, and domestic Bliss shall every Day add fresh Fuel to encrease its Strength.

How gladly, O lovely Sisters! would the *Indian* Maids attend on you in your high *Wigwams*, to learn something of your Gracefulness and Goodness; to watch the Bidding of your radiant Eyes, and wait on the Beckoning of your fair Hands!—But we are not worthy, till better fashioned. Send then some of your skilful Females, who may teach us those Sounds, wherein you utter your Commands and Meaning, that we may perfectly understand, and be the more fit to attend to them. Send us some who may teach our Hands to conduct the slender Needle, that we too may deck ourselves with the Performances of our own Fingers, and see ourselves admired as you are†. Let us also be taught in those

* The *Indian* Name for a House.

† Perhaps, were some Schools encouraged for the *Indian* Maids, it might be the best Means of polishing the Men.

The

those Operations for the Loom, in which even those white Maids, who wait at your Feet, excel.

The *Indian* Virgins, O amiable Ladies! cast themselves upon your Protection, and hope, from your Generosity, to acquire these Accomplishments. Think to what you are called — to be as pure living Springs that water a dry and sandy Defart; as a bright Light to illumine dark Regions; as a divine Voice sounding in the Forest, to raise the sweetest Consort, and cheer the lone-despairing Woodman. You are called upon to be the Praise of future Ages, as well as of the present, and to have the Blessings of Nations upon you, as well as the Blessings of Heaven. Your Names, in Times far remote, shall be sounded from Hill to Hill, through the five Nations; and the Virgin yet unborn shall sing of you, while she guides the Needle through the fine Vesture, or mingles in the Dance, adorned by those Arts which you have taught her to practise.

May you long taste the Happiness of the *Tree of Peace*; and may we also, O amiable Ladies!

The Example of the Women has great Influence on the Men, and still greater on the Children which are under them in their tender Years.

by

by your Means be assisted in Knowledge, and in those Works which will yield the finest Garlands to bind to its Branches. —

Live happy, and look favourably on the Daughters of the *five Nations*, in whose Behalf, this Gratulation on planting the fair Tree, this Offer of their Service, this Request for their Instruction, and these good Wishes for your Welfare, are offered with Respect to you, and Admiration of your Virtues, by your

Sister and Cousin,

YARIZA.



THE

THE
TREE of PEACE.

PART I.

The ARGUMENT.

Introduction to the Song of Maratho. The Tree of Peace planted and blest. The Chain of Concord magnified. The Ax of War buried in the Pit. A Commendation of Peace and social Virtue. An Exhortation by Peace, introduced as a Speaker. An Acknowledgment for the Blessings of Peace to the Divine Being, whom these Indians call the Great Spirit. The King commended as a Friend to Peace. Address to the King, and to Britain. A Benediction. Yariza called upon to sing her Part.





S O N G I.

By M A R A T H O.

I.

NOW the joyous Morning shone,
And led her gayest Splendors on ;
When the *Indian Nations* met
The sacred *Tree of Peace* to set.

2.

As the various Tribes appear'd,
And the solemn Rites regard ;
From amidst th' attentive Throng,
Maratbo began the Song.

3.

Plant and bless the lovely *Tree*,
Prosp'rous may its Shadow be ;
Fast lay hold of Earth its Roots,
Be the Fruits of Peace its Fruits !

D

4. Lofty

4.

Lofty let its Top arise,
And be favour'd by the Skies !
Heavenly Spirits from above,
Nurse it with the Dew of Love !

5.

Now lay hold of Concord's Chain,
Every Hand a Link maintain ;
Let each Heart the Band confess,
And united Voices bless !

6.

Bind it graceful round your Arms,
Gird yourself with all its Charms ;
Fair and splendid let it shine,
For it is the Chain divine.

7.

But the Grave of War — the Pit —
Deep thou ~~As~~ be hid in it ;
Never more thine Edge uprear,
Keep it Earth, O keep it there !

8. Yet,

8.

Yet, if it must rise again,
If faithless Men should break the *Chain*,
Then, O Earth, thy Charge deliver,
With a keener Edge than ever.

9.

Rather, hence, let Men be wise,
Learning Works of Peace to prize;
Man to Man, no more a Foe,
Cease devising mutual Woe.

10.

While the prowling Wolf and Bear,
Range our Woods, and mock the Spear;
Why should wrong-taught Weapons dare
On the Life of Man to War?

11.

Dove-ey'd Peace from Heaven was sent
To bid savage Rage relent,
And of better Life be fond,
Strength'ning still the social Bond.

12.

- " Turn, she said, the Iron War
- " To a fitter Use by far ?
- " That which Mankind did destroy
- " To improve the Glebe employ.

13.

- " From the River, from the Wood,
- " Let your Youth provide you Food
- " For the fair Support of Life,
- " Knowing hence no other Strife.

14.

- " Let them vie to bid the Field,
- " Its exhaustless Treasures yield ;
- " And, where now the *Woodlands* nod,
- " Sing beneath its golden Load.

15.

- " Chiefly, let, O let them learn,
- " Virtue's Beauties to discern ;
- " To discern what's good and true,
- " What the Wise should most pursue."

Soft-

16.

† Soft-breathing Balsam, sacred Peace
 To Mankind speaks in Words like these:
 Her Words your late Remembrance claim,
 Heaven's Will she speaks, — from Heaven she
 came.

17.

The mighty Spirit of the whole,
 Who bids the volley'd Thunders roll,
 Who spoke the genial Sun to Birth,
 And sheds his balmy Dews on Earth;

18.

This everlasting ruling Mind,
 Still to his various Creatures kind,
 The troubled World for us seren'd;
 Reign PEACE, he said,—and straight she reign'd.

19.

The mighty *Sachem* at the Helm
 Of the thrice-powerful *British* Realm;
 GEORGE, mighty both by Land and Seas,
 Hear, *Indians* hear, — delights in Peace.

† As the Originals are not always confined to a fixt Number of Syllables in every Stanza, but seem to vary at pleasure, the Translator also has taken the Liberty sometimes to alter his Measure.

20.

Fell Deed's of War, that pompous seem
To brainless Pride, in his Esteem,
Are nought, but as they tend to bind
In Concord's Chain, the Human Kind.

21.

Great *George* has set a Tree of Peace,
The Earth and spacious Lake to grace ;
May all the Nations love its Shade ;
Its graceful Verdure never fade !

22.

And may this Tree, which we erect,
Be ever guarded, ever deck'd,
And flourish through his royal Care,
Beneath the Hand of great *Corlaer*.

23.

Tho' given in Charge, yet still retain'd ; —
Reign *Sachem*, long as thou hast reign'd ;
May various Realms confess thy Sway,
Far as the Sun unfolds the Day.

24. Guar-

24.

Guardian *Britain*, tho' remote,
 Yet of mighty Name and Note,
 Let thy Peace our Peace complete;
 And thy Greatness make us great.

25.

All these Realms, with thee, great Isle!
 Bask in Heaven's continual Smile!
 Still a Sovereign happy Land,
 And the Seat of Empire, stand!

26.

Swell the Chorus, and repeat —
 " Heaven * preserve the *British* State,
 " Its sacred Chief and Royal Race;
 " Bless these Lands, and bless this Peace."

27.

Where's *Yariza*'s blooming Train,
 Let them now adorn the Scene;
 Let the Virgin-band advance,
 And her Song direct their Dance.

* These three Lines are sung in Chorus. After a Pause
Maraibo sings the last Stanza addressed to *Yariza*.



THE
TREE of PEACE.
PART II.

The ARGUMENT.

The Introduction. The Tree of Peace invoked and celebrated. An Image of War, and of Peace. The Indian Maids exhorted and encouraged to Industry. A fine Web proposed to be made and carried to Court; but not agreed to, when the Queen's Death is reflected upon, who was the Encourager of Arts.



S O N G II.

By Y A R I Z A.

I.

O *Maratbo*, I hear thy Call,
And come to join the Festival!
Attend ye Maids, in bright Array,
To celebrate the solemn Day!

2.

And now the *Indian* Maids prepare,
The solemn Rites to grace and share;
They form around the *Tree* a Ring,
And trip it to the Notes I sing.

3.

O lovely *Tree* of heavenly Growth,
Ordain'd for Shade and Shelter both;
From Realms above, thou first wast given,
From some fair Nursery in Heaven.

4. Re-

4.

Remembring thy celestial Birth,
Say, wilt thou flourish here on Earth;
Nor by the Summer-droughts annoy'd,
Nor by the Winter-frosts destroy'd?

5.

Shall no bleak Whirlwind's sweeping Breath
Thy branching Honours rudely skaith?
Still shall thy fragrant Leaves regale
These Lands—and bloom, and charm, and heal?

6.

Say, shall thy Fruits rejoice the Sense,
And never cloy us; but, from hence,
To Mankind ever pleasing be
As Light, or sacred Liberty?

7.

O *Tree of Paradise!* shoot high!
Thy Top, ambitious, climb the Sky;
Thy vernant Boughs still onward spread,
Till all the happy Globe they shade!

8. May

8.

May ev'ry Bird of sweetest Note,
Frequent thy Shade, and pour its Throat;
Rejoice the *Song of Peace* to join,
And tune its warbling Voice to mine.

9.

Come, too, ye Deers and tender Fawns,
Ye Younglings sporting o'er the Lawns,
And bounding as you come along,
As sharing in the Dance and Song!

10.

But hence, far hence each savage Beast,
Whose fell Delight is Prey and Waste;
Monsters of War!—No Wolf come here;
Nor yet the Panther, nor the Bear.

11.

O savage War! well may we see
That Rage and Death belong to thee;
Like some fell Tyger, bath'd in Gore,
Eternal Fury thou hast sworn.

12. But

12.

But thou, O Peace! of heavenly Mind,
Art ever gentle, ever kind,
As is the soft-ey'd Turtle-dove,
That cooes in Music, breathes in Love.

13.

By thee our Hearts are eas'd from Strife ;
And now we'll sooth and polish Life :
For why shou'd others us excel,
In softer Arts and living well?

14.

What tho' the Olive Hue be ours?
All virtuous Souls boast equal Pow'rs :
So Birds of diff'rent Dye rejoice
The list'ning Groves, with rival Voice.

15.

Hence, Wool and Flax shall, by our Care
Adorn our Limbs with Vesture fair.
Like others we might turn the Wheel,
Or guide the slender-pointed Steel*.

* The Needle.

16. Ye

16.

Ye Maids that grace † *Mambatan's Groves*,
As you would hope successful Loves,
O aid us in our honest Views;—
Send us Machines, and teach their Use.

17.

Thus shall your Influence adorn,
Ten thousand Virgins yet unborn,
And, with the Produce of the Loom,
Teach them t'improve their rip'ning Bloom.

18.

In Ages hence, to you they'll throng,
In sprightly Dance, and grateful Song;
And while their Tongues your Praise repeat,
Their Tribute-web shall kiss your Feet.

19.

Perhaps *Tariza's* willing Hand,
In future Years, by high Command,
May bear some Web of finer Make,
Beyond the Moon and spacious Lake*.

† The Island where the City of *New York* now stands.

* The *Atlantic Ocean* they call the great *Lake*.

20.

There I may lay it at the Throne,
Veiling my Eyes, and bending down—
But ah! how can I?—She's not there
Who shone amidst a thousand Fair!

21.

Cease then the Dance, ye Virgin Band!
In solemn pensive Silence stand—
Great *Caroline* † adorns the Skies;
'Tis thither all the Virtues rise.

22.

From thence they come, and thither go;
They have no fix'd Abode below;—
Ah! When shall such a gracious Queen
To bless these various Lands be seen?

23.

Yet dry these tender-gushing Tears—
Lo! a new Light from Heaven appears!
Augusta lives—her Virtues shine—
She moves another *Caroline*!

† The Translator has put the *English* Names, as it is impossible to bring the *Indian* Names for the Queen and Princess into Rhime.

24. The

24.

The Royal Youth, her high first-born,
Sings smiling up like gladfome Morn,
And, like a Plant of Peace, shall rise,
Another *George*, to bless our Eyes.

25.

The blooming Maid, the faithful Swain,
Secure from Danger in his Reign,
Shall find their Bliss increase with Years,
And give the flying Winds their Cares.

26.

Come then, once more in lightsome Round,
And tread the consecrated Ground!
I'll charm the Earth, and charm the Air,
The all-protecting Tree to rear.

27.

Hear, hear, O Earth! O Air! and strive
Which most shall bid its Honours thrive;
May ev'ry Root and ev'ry Bough,
Nurs'd by your kindly Influence grow.

28. And

28.

And hear—but now the Dance refrain,
It suits not this more solemn Strain ;
All Voices rather join with me—
“ Hear then, O Heaven! and bless the *Tree*!

29.

“ Preserve the Chain, O Power supreme!
“ That links us to the *British* Name.
“ May Truth, and Love, and Peace divine,
“ Bind all Mankind—for all are thine.

30.

“ At last send forth thy * saving Light
“ To guide our wand’ring Steps aright,
“ Till those resplendent Realms we see,
“ Where ever blooms the *Parent-Tree* †.

* The Critic must not object to this as a Scripture Phrase, since we have Missionaries to preach the Gospel among the *Indians*.

† The *Indians* think the great original *Tree of Peace* flourishes in some far distant Country, before the great Spirit of the Universe, to which Country they hope some-time to reach. They call all other *Trees of Peace*, however great, but Slips or Suckers of this *Tree*.

T H E



THE

MOCK-BIRD and RED-BIRD;

AN AMERICAN FABLE.

SOME Birds (it is no News to tell)
Can sing, and in their Songs excel;
Then, should we sometimes hear them speak,
What need we any Wonder make?

The *Mock-bird* on a Time, 'tis said,
Thus the sweet *Red-bird* did upbraid.

“ Ah! hapless Bird! with one poor Note;
“ One, and no more, to swell thy Throat;
“ One, and no more, canst thou repeat,
“ To charm the Woods, or cheer thy Mate!
“ One, and no more, poor Bird! whilst I
“ Abound in sweet Variety.

E

“ Nor

- “ Nor is't thy Voice, thy Voice alone,
 “ Thou Simpleton ! that I bemoan.
 “ Methinks your Colour looks as mean ;
 “ All of one Hue ! all red in Grain.
 “ Your Topping's something gay, 'tis true ;
 “ But that, ev'n that, is red, poor you !”

The *Red-bird* heard the taunting Strain,
 And answer'd without Pride or Pain.

- “ Poor me ! say'st thou, proud gaudy Bird !
 “ Thyself may better claim that Word.
 “ They're poor who never are content,
 “ But still to steal from others bent.
 “ If all are poor that wear one Hue,
 “ (Your pretty Taunting to pursue)
 “ Then, poor's the Lilly, tho' so fair,
 “ Or red Rose that embalms the Air !

- “ I wish not to grow proud or vain,
 “ By picking Plumes of various Grain ;
 “ Nor would * feign'd Song, by Rapine, raise,
 “ Content with my own native Lays.

* The *Mock-bird* has no Song of its own, but can imitate every other Bird it hears.

“ My

- " My Voice, thou Mocker, 'tis well known,
 " Such as it is — it is my own ;
 " And, if decided by fair Votes,
 " As sweet as all your mimic Notes.
 " But your small Eyes can only see
 " The Beauties in yourself that be ;
 " And these, as little as they are,
 " You magnify — and so prefer."

The *Mock-bird* cry'd — " Ha! my small
 Eyes —

- " But Eyes are not to win the Prize.
 " The Question is of Voice and Colour,
 " And not, whose goggle Eyes are fuller.
 " Hark! have you Ears?" — Each Strain it
 try'd,

And swell'd with Music, and with Pride ;
 Then would have spoke again, but (choak'd
 With Spite and Spleen) it rather croak'd.
 " My Throat is hoarse," — it scarce could utter,
 And yet seem'd something more to mutter ;
 Then, taking Flight, its Weakness found,
 And, fluttering, fell upon the Ground.

The *Red-bird*, not insulting stood,
 But wing'd and warbled thro' the Wood.

The

The MORAL, to be learn'd from hence,
 Is pretty plain. — Let's have the Sense,
 Simplicity of Life and Heart
 To love,—and scorn delusive Art;
 Never, thro' Pride or Spite, in vain
 Our Breasts to vex, or Throats to strain;
 But shun all foolish Ostentation,
 And be contented with our Station.

F I N I S.



LONDON, March 1, 1754.

Just publish'd in Nine Volumes, 8vo. for the Years 1749,
1750, 1751, 1752, and 1753, (and still continu'd Monthly)

The Monthly Review ; Or, Literary Journal,

By SEVERAL HANDS.

Giving a candid and impartial Account of the New Books and PAMPHLETS published in Great Britain, and Ireland, from the Commencement of this Work ; with Abstracts or Extracts of the most considerable, and characteristical Sketches of all.

Among a great Number of learned, valuable, and entertaining Productions, of which Accounts, with Abstracts, &c. are given in these NINE VOLUMES, are the following ; beside above Two Thousand other Books and Pamphlets not mentioned below.

A Bernersby's Sermons
Tracts

Antiquities of Windsor Castle

Alfop's Odes

The Actor

Armstrong's History of Minerva

Avifon on Musical Expression

Alberoni's political Testament

Bolingbroke's Letters on Patriotism, &c.
— on the Study and Use

of History

— on innate Principles

— Letter to Wyndham

Browning's Art of making Salt

Birch's View of Edmond's, and

Bacon's Negotiations

— Lives of illustrious Persons

— Life of Tillotson

Battre de principiis animalibus exercitati-
ones

Brown's Essays on Shaftsbury's Character-
istics

Burlamaqui's Principles of political Law

Beaumont's Crito, Moralities, &c.

Baker's Employment for the Microscope

Ballard's Memoirs of learned Ladies

Blackwell's Court of Augustus Caesar

Caille's Astronomy

Cockburn on the Deluge

Cooper's Life of Socrates

Chapman on the Roman Senate

Clogher Bishop of, his Letter to the Jews

— Enquiry into the coming of the
MESSIAH

— Journal from Grand Cairo

— Vindication of the Scriptures

Cockburn (Mrs.) her Life, and Works

Chappellows's Commentary on Job

Colden on the Principles of Action in Matter
Dowglass Dr. his Detection of Lander

— Bishop, his Description of May

Duncan's Caesar

Ducball's Sermons

Encyclopédie, &c.

Enthusiasm of the Methodists and Papists
compared

Essays on the Employment of Time

Essay on Spirit

Essay on the Art of ingeniously tormenting

Foster's Discourses on natural Religion and
social Virtue

Free and Candid Disquisitions ; and other
Tracts by the same Authors, with
the several Answers to them, and
Vindications

Fordyce on the Art of Preaching

— on Pulpit Eloquence

Franklin on Electricity

Forbes on Incredulity, &c.

Grove's System of moral Philosophy

Gwyn's Essay on Design

Hallifax's Character of Charles II. and
Miscellaneous Thoughts

History of the States of Barbary

— of Jack Connor

— of Pompey the Little

— of the Revolutions of Genoa

Huxham on Fevers

— de Aëre, Vol. II.

Harris's Hermes

Hill's Review of the Royal Society

— History of the Materia Medica

— General natural History

— Essays in natural History and Phi-
losophy

Hume's

- Hume's* political Discourses
 — Principles of Morals
 — Essays on Morality and natural Religion
Hall (Bishop) his Satires
Hanway's Travels
Haller's Physiology
Hird's Commentary and Notes on *Horace*
Jefferies on Diamonds and Pearls
Index de la poésie Angloise
Jortin's Remarks on Ecclesiastical History
Mrs. Jones's Miscellanies
Jackson's Chronological Antiquities
Jones, all the Pieces relating to their proposed Naturalisation
Kilmore (Bp. of) on the Priesthood
Kirkpatrick's Ser-piece
 — on Putrefaction
Kennedy's Scripture Chronology
Kennicott's State of the Hebrew Text
Le Cat on the Senses, and other Pieces
Mrs. Leaper's Poems
Letters from a young Painter abroad
 — of *Nicom de Lenclos*
Life of *Fred. K. of Prussia*
 — of *Bernard Gilpin*
Lardner's Credibility of the Gospel History
 — Sermons
 — His Dissertation on the two Epistles ascribed to *Clement of Rome*
Le Pluche on the Truth of the Gospel
Lex Mercatoria Rediviva
Leland against *Bolingbroke*
Lewth on Hebrew Poetry
Lind on the Scurvy
Montesquieu on the Spirit of Laws
Mason's *Elfrida*
Middleton's (Dr.) his Pieces on Miracles, and on Prophecy, with the several Answers and Defences
 — Miscellaneous Tracts
Memoirs of the House of *Brandenbourg*
 — of a *Coxcomb*
Mead's *Monita et Precepta*
Martinelli's *Istoria Critica della Vita Civile*
Melmoth's *TULLY's* Letters
Newton's Edition of *Milton's* poetical Works, with *Milton's* Life
Nugent on the Hydrophobia
Orr's Sermons
Oliver's Thoughts of *Cicero*
Orrery's (Lord) his Translation of *Pliny's* Letters
 — Life of *Swift*
Ostria's History of the Portuguese
Philosophical Transactions, from No. 486 to the present Time
Parson's Analogy
Pringle on the Army Diseases
 — on Putrefaction, &c.
Parliamentary History of England
Pullen's Translation of *Vida*
Quirini (Cardinal) his Life
The Reflector
Ramsay's Principles of natural and reveal'd Religion
Raynal's History of the English Parliament
Ruins of Palmyra
Ruffel on Sea Water
Rose's SALLUST
Smith's Harmonics
Seed's Posthumous Works
Sharp's Enquiry into the present State of Surgery
Short's Discourses on Tea
 — on the Bills of Mortality
Scribleriad, a Poem by Mr. Cambridge
Smith's THUCYDIDES
Taylor on Atonement
Toll's Pieces
Tucker's Pieces
 TELLIAMED
Voltaire's Age of *Lewis XIV*
 — *Micromegas*
 — Defence of *Bolingbroke*
 — *Amelie*
West's PINDAR
Warton's VIRGIL
Wishart's Discourses
Warburton's Julian
 — Sermons
Whytt on Lime-Water
 — on Vital and other involuntary Motions
Young on Opium

This REVIEW is printed for, and sold by *R. Griffiths*, Bookseller, at the *Dunciad*, in *St. Paul's Church-yard*.



